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NEWSPAPER

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"OF this I am certain, that in a democracy, the majority of the citizens is capable of exercising the most cruel oppressions upon the minority, whenever strong divisions prevail in that kind of polity, as they often must; and that oppression of the minority will extend to far greater numbers, and will be carried on with much greater fury, than can almost ever be apprehended from the dominion of a single sceptre."—BUNKE.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

General Plumer telegraphs from Italy that the Allied troops are looking forward with confidence to the New Year, and advices from the Fatherland state that the meagre meat ration and the still leaner fat ration are to be further reduced. Both are military facts of the greatest significance. The first indicates that the Italian defensive line, stimulated by welcome successes and the presence of cheerful troops from the muddy West, has recovered its fighting spirit. The second emphasises the fact that Germany's very vital "Home Front," her civilians, have lost theirs. In point of fact, Germany, hungry, weary, and unhealthy, desires more than anything in the world a square meal, and would greet a peace which brought that more than many victories. Hence the Brest-Litovsk manoeuvres. Hence too, the many rumours of colossal offensives on every front, rumours designed mainly to infuse a species of Dutch courage into failing hearts.

Attempts to secure a dramatic success in the West were made on Sunday and Monday on the Cambrai front, where attacks were launched against some of the valuable ground won by Sir Julian Byng in the first phase of the November offensive. The *communiqués* on the subject are hardly as clear as they might be, but it appears that on Sunday the Germans obtained a footing in two sections of our trenches on the spur known as Welsh Ridge, south of Marcoing and north of La Vacquerie. Our counter-attacks during the next twenty-four hours regained the more important part of the positions. On Monday the enemy returned to the attack, but was rejected forthwith from the only section of trench which he was able to enter. The Germans claim to have captured a few hundred prisoners on the first day, and over seventy more on the second. If their claim is even approximately true, it would seem as though their initial success was of greater dimensions

than is indicated in the British report. If their claim is untrue, it should have been promptly confuted, to avoid giving our G.H.Q. *communiqués* an appearance of want of candour. We suffer enough already from the secrecy-mania of political departments at home.

Sir Edmund Allenby continues to keep us supplied with excellent news. German troops were dispatched to stiffen the Turks in a determined attempt to recapture Jerusalem. The immediate result was that our troops, counter-attacking on the Turkish flank, pushed forward two-and-a-half miles over very difficult ground. The Turkish effort exhausted itself after twenty-six hours beating against a brick wall, and General Allenby, who shares with some of our politicians a quality which in a soldier is a virtue—opportunism, pushed home his success and continued on his way towards Nablus. The net result is that he has advanced his line some 7½ miles, and put four lines of defence between the Holy City and the Turk. Incidentally, he has captured 750 prisoners and counted 1,006 dead. If Germany's man-power had been as enormously strengthened as the Kaiser would have us and his Western troops believe, the Turks must surely be asking why he cannot spare a few divisions for his South-Eastern allies. Are not Baghdad and Jerusalem worth the lives of a Pomeranian or two from the Russian front?

Snow has not yet fallen in sufficient quantity on the Italian front to prevent operations, and the French finished the old year with a heartening blow, carried out with characteristic *fougue*. Their recapture of the crest of Monte Tomba and the adjoining ridge of Monte Fenara is a considerable tactical success, apart from its moral value. This position constituted a very ugly salient, threatening the Breda-Piave mountain system of which the key is the neighbouring mass of Monte Grappa. Its recapture, with 1,400 prisoners, 7 guns, 60 machine-guns, and much material, is a most auspicious debut for the French contingent. The Italians, too, have not been idle. On the Asiago front they have wrested back Monte Melago, while on the Piave they have at length driven back to the other side the Austrian detachments, which had established a precarious foothold in the loop at Zenson. Meanwhile our own Flying Corps gave the Austrian more than he bargained for, when an attempt to bomb one of our aerodromes at Treviso resulted in eleven enemy machines falling to British and Italian airmen and guns. The aviators of his Sacred and Apostolic Majesty have riposted by bombing the Cathedral and churches of Padua.

We wish Mrs. Humphry Ward every success in her gallant endeavour, in the current number of the 'Nineteenth Century,' to rally her sex and the remnant of sensible men in opposition to this insane Reform Bill, which the revolutionary Socialists are pushing through all its stages under cover of the war. The Bill will enfranchise six million women, that is to say, all married women, and spinsters of thirty, or alleged to be thirty. It will also enfranchise an unknown number of men, for every soldier and sailor of whatever age is to have a vote, and practically every other adult. There will

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probably be added to the electorate some twelve million voters, which will bring the total constituency up to 20,000,000. Nobody asked for this reckless extension of the franchise, least of all the women. We believe that if appealed to at a general election a majority of men and women would be against this Bill.

The revolutionary Socialists, who are directed by the Fabians, saw their opportunity in the general preoccupation of the better part of the nation with the war. All they wanted was a man with a good name, whose vanity might be excited into pulling the chestnuts out of the fire for them. With great skill they chose the Speaker, whose active mind chafes at his exclusion from office, and who eagerly caught at the opportunity of political intrigue and notoriety offered by a revolutionary Reform Bill. The Government was only too pleased to push a troublesome question into a committee-room which would thresh out details. And thus the theory of "the honourable understanding" was generated. Mr. Lowther easily induced a scratch Committee of nobodies to draft a series of extreme proposals, which the Government promptly embodied in a Bill, that was rammed down the throat of the Commons under threats of resignation, and with copious allusion to the honourable understanding.

In a House of Commons entering upon the eighth year of an illegal life, where most of the members were absorbed in the affairs of the war, and in their private losses, it may be imagined there was little or no discussion, and only a faint show of opposition. Any attempt to amend or reject clauses was frowned down by the Government lawyers, Sir F. E. Smith and Sir G. Cave, as harassing the Government during the war, or as a breach of an honourable understanding. It never seemed to occur to any independent member to press Mr. Bonar Law, not only the leader of the House, but of the Conservative party, to explain why the Bill had been introduced at all during the war. Thus stealthily, steadily, the Bill was pushed on by the revolutionaries, with the co-operation of the Conservative leaders, until it reached the House of Lords.

In the House of Lords the Bill at least provoked two first-rate speeches of protest from Lords Bryce and Sydenham. But the hereditary peers are in the last stage of life, smitten with aphasia, and unable to move, and they listened meekly enough to Lord Curzon's outrageous declaration that the Government was not responsible for the Bill, but accepted the findings of the Lowther Committee without troubling about them! The Bill was read a second time practically without discussion, and the Lords will go into Committee after the recess. Mrs. Humphry Ward hopes to arouse sufficient public feeling to induce the Lords to reject the clause enfranchising women. We fear that neither women nor peers will pay any attention to her, because everybody is wrapped up in the war and in the fight for food at home. That is exactly what the Fabians and the Socialists have counted on; and that is exactly why the responsibility of Mr. Lowther, Mr. Bonar Law, and Lord Curzon will cling to them, wriggle and shuffle as they may.

Deep resentment against Mr. Bonar Law is spreading amongst Conservatives on account of his sympathetic reply to the Fabian Socialists and Labour Collectivists on the subject of a levy on capital after the war. From a Chancellor of the Exchequer coquetting with such a predatory policy is foolish enough; for why should anybody save any portion of his income in order to add it to a capital that is going to be raided? It is a direct incentive to extravagance. But from a man whom the Conservatives have hoisted into his present position it is intolerable. What does Mr. Bonar Law pretend to conserve? Not the union of the three kingdoms, for the Union has been handed over to a Convention, which sits in secret, and whose decisions the Prime Minister is pledged to adopt. Not the House of Lords, which has been handed over to another secret

committee, which is notoriously engaged in destroying it.

One of the means of conserving the remnants of our Constitution is the distribution of political power. Yet Mr. Bonar Law has consented, in silence and with a shrug, like Lord Curzon, to universal adult suffrage. The least that we Conservatives can expect from a leader whom we elevated from an obscure position a few years ago is that he should protect our property. If we are going to be robbed, let the robbery be done by our enemies, not by our own leaders. If Mr. Bonar Law is going to take his financial policy from Mr. Sidney Webb and the Bolshevik Labourites, let us know it, that we may die in the daylight. May we ask our Chancellor of the Exchequer how he is going to conscript capital? The first thing he would have to do would be to borrow an enormous sum of money to lend to the capitalists to pay their levies. And from whom will he raise that loan?

General Page-Croft's letter to the *Times* on the conscription of capital is excellent, both in its reasoning and its vigorous impression. If the National Party will take up a firm and clear attitude on the subject of the rights of property, it will soon rally adherents to its standard, for there is naturally no question on which all sensible men, who have saved or inherited anything, feel more strongly.

"Kill a man's family, and he may brook it, But keep your hands out of his breeches-pocket."

It is remarkable that the Fabian leaders, who supply the Labour party with ideas of plunder, have none of them had the wit or the virtue to accumulate any property of their own.

Outside the select circle of Messrs. Henderson, Smillie, Anderson, and Co. there is still such a thing as the British nation. This insignificant entity is entitled to know whether Mr. Henderson's memorandum, accepted by the Labour Conference, really expresses the war aims of the Government, because if it does, the sooner we stop bleeding in the field and starving at home the better. It is certainly not for the establishment of cosmopolitan Socialism of the Trotzky-Lenin brand that the flower of our manhood is being sacrificed, and that we are being dragged towards bankruptcy. The Memorandum is simply a hash of stale fallacies stolen from the cupboard of the international Anarchists, who have reduced Russia to its present state. Talking of stealing, it is delightful to read from the letter of the *Times* correspondent that on Mr. Henderson's arrival at Petrograd, as the Ambassador of Labour, not only his papers, but his clothes, were stolen by his Collectivist friends.

Mr. Henderson, in his cryptic and conceited way, hints that if his advice had been followed when he returned from Petrograd, Russia might have been saved. This reminds us of a writer in one of the Northcliffe papers, who assures us that if Mr. Lloyd George's strategy had been adopted, the war would have been won! The Petrograd correspondent of the *Times*, however, who saw Mr. Henderson bereft of papers, shirts, and trousers by the *sans culottes* of the Soviet, tell us that he was "completely overwhelmed and upset by his surroundings." This is excusable, for British Ambassadors, even unofficial ones, are not accustomed to this practical application of the Collectivist policy. But it disposes of his pretensions to ride the storm, which blew him back to London, no wiser than he went. The *Times* correspondent tells us that the Soviet is composed of workmen who do not work, of soldiers who do not fight, and of peasants who do not plough.

It is easy enough to show that Mr. Henderson's Memorandum is merely an English version of the Trotzky-Lenin programme, which Germany has inspired. Take its main points. The international administration of Central Africa; that is exactly what Germany wants, so that she may have her finger in the

copper and rubber pies of the Congo and Katanga regions. The abolition of military service; nothing could be better for Germany, in every country but Germany. No economic boycott; capital! That is the punishment Germany is most afraid of. The decision, by plebiscite or otherwise, of the political destiny of such countries as Alsace-Lorraine, Serbia, Rumania, Poland, Bohemia, Dalmatia, Palestine, etc. Germany boggles a little at this, but on the whole is disposed to favour it. Internationalism suits Germany to a T, because international councils are the arena for the intrigues, propaganda, lying, and bribery, in which the German Government has no rival.

Sir Arthur Yapp has been appointed Director of Food Economy; he is a missionary to spread the gospel of saving. The two essential qualities of a missionary are that he should, allowing for the frailties of the flesh, practise what he preaches, and speak the truth. Does Sir Arthur Yapp exhibit these qualities? Some while since Lord Wemyss wrote a letter to *The Morning Post*, in which he drew attention to a statement made by Sir Arthur Yapp, that £3,000 had been spent by the Y.M.C.A. in purchasing cups of tea and cocoa for the walking wounded after a certain battle on the Western front. Lord Wemyss explained that £3,000, at a little over a halfpenny a cup, would provide tea for 1,200,000 men and he asked for an explanation.

No explanation has been vouchsafed and Lord Wemyss repeats his question in our correspondence this week. Did Sir Arthur Yapp, on behalf of the Y.M.C.A., spend £3,000 on tea, or did he not? If he did, he stands convicted of an extravagance, which not only outrages economy but staggers credibility. If he did not spend that sum, and the newspaper report is correct, he has not spoken the truth. Whether we regard Sir Arthur Yapp as a reckless spendthrift or as a person who says the thing which is not, he seems to be hardly qualified for the very important trust which Lord Rhondda, on behalf of the nation, has confided to his hands.

Dairy farmers of the pessimistic school prophecy that there will be no milk at all in two or three months. It is said that there is no milk in the towns of Russia, and very little in Germany. The truth is there is a shortage of milk cows all over the world. There are plenty of beasts for producing beef, but that breed does not produce enough milk to make it worth while keeping them for dairy use. Owing to dearth of feeding-stuffs and shortage of labour there has been a premature and indiscriminate slaughter of young animals. A total dearth of milk would end the war. We know that in the past Governments have been upset by sugar. It would indeed be strange if out of the mouths of babes and sucklings men should be taught not to kill one another.

The Indian National Congress met at Calcutta on 26th December last, and the President, Mrs. Besant, delivered an address in which she claimed, *à haute voix*, the right of India to shake off the yoke of the effete and tyrannical Briton, and to govern itself by means of universal suffrage and Parliamentary Cabinets. We are not aware that this hoary agitator and theosophist is an Indian. We have always regarded her as the joint author with the late Bradlaugh of "The Fruits of Philosophy," and for the last dozen years as the half-crazy advocate of religious quackery and political sedition. She is quite harmless in a white country, and the Indian Government ought to have deported her or continued her internment whilst the war lasts. Neither do we recognise in the Indian Peninsula "a nation" which has any rights. There are in India 150 languages, we know not how many races, and at least two fiercely antagonist religions, Muhammedans and Hindus, not to mention Buddhists, Jains, Sikhs, and Christians.

The Trustees of the British Museum have received notice from the Government that, on the application of the Air Board, the Museum building will be requisitioned as offices for that Ministry. The objections to this act of barbarous tyranny have been stated in letters to the *Times* by Sir John Sandys, Sir Arthur Evans, Mr. R. C. Witt, and Sir Henry Howorth. We cannot add to them, but we may recapitulate them shortly. 1. With 7,000 uninterned alien enemies, the Museum will certainly become the well-defined target of bombs. 2. The clearing of the priceless and irreplaceable collections is impossible, or can only be effected by almost certain breakage, owing to their fragility and bulk and the absence of expert packers and removers. 3. The objects left behind will certainly be injured by innumerable clerks, careless of their value, and cigarette smokers. 4. The building with its long galleries is quite unsuitable for offices. 5. There are many other premises, which might be taken.

Mr. R. C. Witt suggests that the Savoy Hotel might be taken, as the Air Board already occupies the Hotel Cecil. If Bloomsbury be a convenient district—we do not know why it should be—there are the Russell and Imperial Hotels in Russell Square, and there is the Strand Palace Hotel, opposite to the Cecil Hotel. We agree with Mr. Witt that no inconvenience to travellers or diners should weigh for a moment against the very grave objections to taking the British Museum. It is indeed an act of vandalism, which partakes of panic, and which we owe to the new type of Minister, the business man at Whitehall, Sir Alfred Mond.

The Government is buying, at prices which leave a small profit to the grower, half the output of Indian and Ceylon tea on last year's basis; the other half of their tea output the planters may ship to the United States, if they can find ships; but they are forbidden to ship tea, beyond the Government purchases, to any British port. As the Government buys the tea abroad, it becomes its own importer, and therefore the national revenue loses the Customs duties, which on last year's figures and the present duty, would have meant £12,000,000. This is how the public pays for cheap tea.

The release of Mrs. Wheeldon is inexplicable, and therefore alarming. She was rightly sentenced to ten years' penal servitude as a wicked, foul-mouthed, obscene wretch, who, together with her daughter, a County Council school teacher, hatched a plot to murder a minister of State. There were no extenuating circumstances, such as political passion or private revenge. The woman did not know the meaning of politics, or what Mr. Lloyd George had done or left undone, nor had she, as sometimes happens in these cases, suffered any injustice or injury, real or imaginary, at the hands of Government. Bellingham, when he shot Perceval in the lobby of the House of Commons, had a claim against Government, and fancied himself injured. Mrs. Wheeldon started a hunger strike. The worst criminal has only to refuse his or her food to be released. Leniency towards criminals is the beginning of Leninism.

The most pleasing feature of the New Year's list of honours is the liberal recognition of the brethren of the pen. Sir Henry Craik, a distinguished man of letters, becomes "a right trusty and well-beloved Councillor" of His Majesty, who will shortly "dub with unhatch'd rapier" (though not on "carpet consideration") the following journalists and authors: Robert Bruce (Editor of the *Glasgow Herald*), Anthony Hope Hawkins, and Sidney Low; while Sir Henry Dalziel is promoted from a knight to a baronet. We congratulate our brethren sincerely, though we cannot help contrasting their gorgeous lot with that of the leading journalists of a hundred years ago—Lamb, Hazlitt, Coleridge, Leigh Hunt, Southey, Cobbett, were not only unknighted, but generally on

the verge of starvation. The question which Sir John Lawrence daily asks us from his pedestal, Will you be governed by the sword or the pen? is still unanswered.

Sir Sidney Low is one of the most distinguished publicists of the day. He was for many years editor of the *St. James's Gazette*, and afterwards one of the assistant editors of the *Standard*. He was the joint author with Mr. Lloyd Sanders of the twelfth volume of the 'Political History of England,' published by Longmans, an invaluable work. He has also written what is rare and difficult, a good book on India ('A Vision of India') and 'The Governance of England,' perhaps the best known of his later works. His knowledge of politics and constitutional history is wide and deep, and his style clear and persuasive, or assailable, as the subject or his mood suggests.

The veteran Mr. Frederic Harrison, returning to London after an interval of five years, gives us in the *Fortnightly Review*, his impression of the streets. "How odious is the rush, the scramble, the roar of the many streets—far worse even than 1912. . . . It shocks, wounds, disgusts me, as if, with the poet, I were in one of the circles of the Inferno. Modern mechanism has brutalised life. And in this rattle and clash and whirl, wild luxury, games, shows, gluttony and vice work their Vanity Fair with greater recklessness than ever. As I walked about streets blazing with gems and gold, and every form of extravagance, I asked myself—and is this the war for very life of a great race? If the Kaiser could come and see it all, he would say, 'I shall conquer yet, for all they threaten me!'" Berlin is probably quite as bad as London, for war, while it evokes the noblest qualities of the human race, also uncovers the basest.

The German raids on this country by air-craft have been a much-discussed feature in the warfare of the year. So far as London is concerned, however, they have not been so numerous as many people think. On a dozen occasions all told, from May 7 to December 18, the defences of the City have been penetrated with disastrous results. The raids came thick and close during the end of September, but by that time the public had learnt to take shelter, which in many cases had been specially organised for them, and the authorities had given up their stupid and vacillating policy concerning warnings. By far the most serious of the raids were the two of June and July respectively, when the Gothas appeared in the full light of day to people who had no idea of their presence. These two attacks alone were responsible for two-thirds of the lives lost during the year. The improvement in our methods of defence will, it may be hoped, make such daylight ventures too risky to be repeated. As it is, we do not know how much our barrage has achieved, since we are not told how many ineffectual attempts have been made by German aircraft to get past our formidable front lines of defence.

The year 1759 was the meridian of Chatham's glorious Ministry, when we conquered India and Canada, and when, with Prussia as our ally, we were fighting on the Continent Austria, Russia, and France. Lord Chesterfield writes as follows to his son: "The estimates for the expenses of the year 1759 are made up; I have seen them; and what do you think they amount to? No less than twelve millions three hundred thousand pounds: a most incredible sum, and yet already subscribed, and even more offered! The unanimity in the House of Commons in voting such a sum and such forces, both by sea and land, is not the less astonishing. This is Mr. Pitt's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes." This year the expense of the war will be nearer three thousand than two thousand million pounds. A century and a half hence, to our great-grandchildren waging another Armageddon, this no doubt will seem a paltry sum.

THE LIE IN THE SOUL.

WITH the lie on the lips we are all familiar: it is the current coin of mankind in all countries: it is not dangerous because its face value is known not to be its intrinsic value. But the lie in the soul is dangerous, because it is only discoverable by time and bitter experience; it is never recognised by those whose soul it occupies: and its expression by the lips is nonsense. This war has been conducted from the first by and amidst lies; but the lies of the German Government have been on the lips; whereas those of the British Government have been in the soul. The lies of Germany are uttered by a Government which knows the realities, and therefore only believes or hopes that its lies will deceive its enemies and its subjects. And for a time they have done so, though to-day it may be doubted whether the words of German authorities, from the Kaiser down to the editor, deceive even the most credulous of their subjects: on their enemies they have long ceased to impose. The lies of the British Government, Press, and Parliament have been uttered with a sincere belief in their truth: indeed, it is only Platonically that they are lies: morally they are the nonsense that is the expression of ignorance. The Germans, of course, laugh at our statesmen's speeches and our leading articles. But the result of feeding the people on them may be found in the fact that after three years and a half we are in a more dangerous position than at any time since August, 1914.

A painful example of the nonsense that is the outward and visible sign of the lie in the soul is the Labour Conference at Westminster. Mr. Henderson and his Memorandum on War Aims have made the British Labour Party the laughing-stock of the world, except perhaps in Russia. It is an insult to the intelligence of organised Labour to suppose that it had read or understood, much less approved, the string of fantastic, contradictory and perfectly impracticable propositions for the establishment of cosmopolitan Socialism submitted to its delegates. We had thought that Mr. Henderson was an able, and therefore (from our point of view) a dangerous man. We are much relieved to find that he is nothing of the kind, but is merely a presumptuous and empty-headed schemer, who has been flattered by Mr. Lloyd George and the Press into the delusion that he is a statesman. Had we not Mr. Havelock Wilson's assertion that the Memorandum was really drafted by Mr. Henderson and one or two coadjutors, we should confidently have ascribed its composition to Trotzky or Lenin, or to the "Russian Ambassador" to be released from prison for deportation. An International High Court of Justice, an International Legislature, the universal abolition of military service, the handing over tropical Africa to an international administration, these absurdities, which read like the headings of chapters in Harrington's 'Oceana,' have no bearing whatever on the actual European situation, or indeed upon any conceivable situation amongst human beings. Yet they are seriously presented as the fruit of Mr. Henderson's study of the war, and we are gravely told that the hard-headed, shrewd British handworkers have adopted them as their war aims. With the exception of the abolition of military service, there is not one of these propositions, which is so much as comprehensible by anyone not trained in the study of jurisprudence and the practice of administration. We have the greatest respect for the boilermakers, the shipwrights, the tin-plate workers, the miners, the engineers, the textile operatives, and all the rest of them, on subjects connected with their own crafts, or the domestic politics of Britain. But there is not one of them, the cleverest, who has the faintest notion of the meaning of an international court, or legislature, or the international government of the Colonies. The impudent pretence of the "card trick" must now be obvious. Some 300 delegates came to Westminster armed with some 3,000,000 votes on cards: and we are asked to believe that over 2,000,000 British artisans endorsed the Memorandum. That Mr. Henderson has grown dizzy by elevation matters little: indeed, as we consider these

cosmopolitan Socialists to be dangerous in our present inflamed state of mind, it is well that Mr. Henderson's low mental calibre should be recorded. But that Mr. Henderson should have destroyed the reputation of British Labour organisations for common-sense and practical wisdom is to be regretted.

Irrelevant nonsense is bad enough in Labour Conferences: but the lie in the soul of the Cabinet is far worse. The war has been a series of blunders in diplomacy and strategy due to the Government's ignorance of the realities. There are kinds of ignorance which are not culpable, because unavoidable, as the ignorance of the happenings after death or the inhabitants of a distant planet. But the ignorance of the Government has been due to a refusal to learn the truth, or a determination not to hear the truth, or let others hear it, if it should be disagreeable. The Government refused to hear the truth about the relations between Young Turkey and Germany before the war broke out: they preferred to believe the pleasant untruth that Turkey was a negligible quantity, which would adhere to England, despite of our notorious intrigues with Russia for the partition of the Asiatic possessions of the Sultan. After the war broke out they refused to hear the truth about Bulgaria and Greece, though there were plenty of people who told it them. The statement of the terms on which Greece was prepared to support us in a move on Constantinople was consigned to the waste-paper basket; an army of half a million was locked up at Salonica; and after two years and a half of undignified squabbling Constantine was removed. The Government have all along refused, and now refuse, to hear the truth about Russia. We have an Ambassador at Petrograd and a military attaché, a very able man, who must have reported to the Government, over and over again, information of the real facts of Russian politics. But to read the despatches and reports from Petrograd would have demanded more concentration of mind than our volatile and loquacious Prime Minister is disposed to bestow on documents, besides spoiling his fine speeches about democracy, and that great Revolutionary character, Kerenski, "the St. Just of the Russian Revolution." So the poor Czar was huddled away to Siberia, and congratulations from the House of Commons were despatched to Kerenski, though no material measures were taken to keep him within the bounds of common-sense or in the seat of power. Meantime millions of money and munitions were poured into Russia: the Prime Minister went on perorating: and the Press went on glorifying the triumph of Russian democracy. The one publicist who knew and had the courage to state the facts was sneered away as "the dismal Dillon." An Act of Parliament was passed to prevent any newspaper from publishing the truth, if it should happen to be disagreeable or to conflict with the preconceptions of the Government. The Defence of the Realm Act (known as "Dora" in the world of journalism) is really an Act to defend the Government, for it makes it punishable to write anything, however true, if in the opinion of the Government's lawyers it tends to discourage the Allies. We published an article in this Review on the 8th of September in which we stated that the capture of Riga meant the conquest and practical annexation of Russia by Germany: and that this stupendous result was due, not to the failure of our Navy and Army, but to the blunders of our diplomacy and the folly of our Government in not preventing the Russian Revolution. Does anybody now dispute this statement? Yet we were informed that it was a breach of "Dora," and that only "the law's delay" had saved us from punishment. A breach of the law to state facts, because they might be discouraging! Then our courage is supported by suppressing facts, and kept up by untruths! And the lie is not yet purged from the soul of the Government, who still believe, judging by their newspapers, that Russia can be saved from Germany. May we ask how? After the war it may be possible—we do not say it will be—to save Russia from economic dependence on Germany by commercial competition. But now, as far as the war is concerned, Russia is dead. Her armies are gone, or going: her officers are killed or fled. Is Russia still our ally?

Nothing is to be gained, though much will be lost, by our continuing to live in a Press-made twilight of deceit. The truth must be faced, however unpleasant. The lie must be purged from the soul of Government, or we shall drift from disappointment to defeat.

THE PENNY WISDOM OF THE TREASURY.

THE responsibility of H.M. Treasury is, in these days, greater than many a hardened financier would care to assume. The estimates grow bigger with each succeeding year of the war, and our money difficulties are increasing daily. Meanwhile the control of the nation over the public purse, as exercised in Parliament, has in practice disappeared. The Treasury enjoys an absolute discretion over our financial destinies. The Chancellor of the Exchequer periodically comes to Parliament prattling of milliards, and a dazed legislature is only able to concur. If we ask what check has been imposed upon our national expenditure in the absence of the old constitutional control of finance by the House of Commons, we are confronted with a truly astonishing position. We find that, while the control of Parliament has vanished owing to the vastness and complexity of our operations, no one has thought it necessary to substitute that technical control by experts which is the only safe administrative substitute in affairs which have, so it is assumed, passed beyond the understanding of the elected representatives of the people. There is no one at the Treasury whom we should care to entrust with the business management of an ordinary City company. Has not the Government confessed the bankruptcy of its financial counsels by the curious uses to which it puts the Lord Chief Justice of England? When there is financial business to be transacted in New York or Paris Mr. Lloyd George sends, not for Sir Robert Chalmers, but for Lord Reading. We do not share Mr. Lloyd George's belief in the financial ability of Lord Reading, but we daresay the Prime Minister is right in assuming that the Lord Chief Justice knows as much or more about money than anybody at the Treasury. Is it surprising that we should look in vain for signs of any consistent or far-seeing policy in the allocation of the public funds? The cold fit of husbandry follows hard upon the hot fit of reckless expenditure. We see abundant waste in one direction and incredible meanness in another. Our foreign surcharges for months appear to be left to the chances of the foreign bourses. Then suddenly the Treasury betrays alarm at the idea of buying a barrel of Norwegian fish or a hundredweight of Dutch bacon. Under pressure, our Treasury will sign blank cheques in favour of the popular call of the day—munitions, food control, or whatever it may be. Thence it will fall all at once into a sadness, then into a fast, thence to a watch, thence into a weakness, thence into a lightness, and by this declension into the madness wherein now it raves.

Early in the war Mr. Lloyd George told us that the silver bullets would win. Yet all he could practically suggest to us was that we should reduce our private expenditure and lend our money to the Government. The advice was excellent, but surely it implied that the Government would obtain and act upon the best possible advice in the spending of our money. We do not know what deep deliberations may not have been held upon these matters, and can judge only by results. The results usually exhibit foolishness as applied to the pounds, and a wisdom, where wisdom is so often inopportune and unlovely, as applied to the pence. There is no evidence of a firm, fair hand in the distribution of Treasury favours. If a Department is big and clamorous and in the public eye, the Treasury appears to be ready to foot its bills to any extent. If a Department is doing work which is unadvertised, it is lucky if it can secure sufficient shorthand typists for one-half of its work. We hear instances on every hand of an amazing capriciousness in the distribution of Treasury grants. Such capriciousness can only mean that our expenditure is being left to the pressure and clamour of the moment. Where the Treasury is power-

fully pressed it yields without reference to any general principle. Where it is able to assert itself the only principle we can discover is that of the closed fist. Our financial administrators cut off a few thousands a year, wrung in our years of prosperity by laboursome petition from the Government for art and the museums. They cut down the sick soldier's allowance when he goes into hospital. They obstruct well-considered plans for improving our commercial intelligence service for fear of having to pay our commercial attachés abroad a salary something above that of a country schoolmaster. Meanwhile a department like the Ministry of Munitions, which inherits the lavish traditions of Mr. Lloyd George, may spend money in the sure knowledge that its balance-sheets will not be checked, even if they are understood, by the keepers of our Exchequer; and Lord Rhondda may distribute salaries to his staff out of all proportion to those which are given for work of a higher quality in some of the older and less aggressive branches of the public service. The Treasury makes no attempt to hold the scales. It simply sits firmly upon the lid of the chest till someone comes along with the courage to ignore it or the art to engineer its supersession. A thrill of alarm shoots through the older departments whenever a new Ministry is organised and housed. The chances are that it will be a pet of someone who is strong enough to bully the Treasury into extravagance, and that it will have carte blanche to offer high salaries to all its members, from the messengers who keep its doors to the higher clerks who sign authoritative letters on its behalf. Thereafter follows discontent among the senior starvelings of the Civil Service, and an increasing difficulty in finding competent clerks at the old standard rates.

It is surely time that Parliament insisted upon knowing more about the policy and method which are ruling our expenditure. Has the Treasury any real power or capacity to determine how our means shall be fitted proportionately to our ends? Is there anyone who has the authority and knowledge needed to check unnecessary extravagance, to distinguish between the intelligent economy and the cheese-paring of indigence in a panic? It may be a necessity of war that we should surrender our liberties to the expert, but we have a right to know that experts are really in control. What development has there been of our financial system of audit and account in response to the unprecedented new demands and responsibilities thrust upon it? We know that our enemies have elaborated a system of financial control in accordance with their needs; that every single commercial operation is authorised or prohibited by the German Government, with a strict view to its effect upon the mark exchanges; that the German bureaucracy is salaried from head to heel upon the military principle of equal remuneration for services of equal rank; that the Germans are as careful in making the most of their money as they are magnificent, if hard, in expenditure essential to their present or future plans. We know that without expert advice and perpetual conference with their great financiers the German Government would long ago have been bankrupt, and that the mark is only improving to-day owing to Germany's far-sighted arrangements (which we have only now begun tardily to imitate) for the financing of their foreign purchases by barter and an elaborate mortgaging of Germany's credit to her neutral neighbours. We also know that but for the entry of the United States into the war the British Treasury would by now have been at its wits' end to finance our own foreign purchases, and that obscure officials with no real experience of accountancy that we know of will, in respect of our domestic expenditure, strain at the gnat of a war bonus for typists in one department and swallow the camel of a big hotel or a hundred brand new posts without a moment's hesitation in another. It is time for Mr. Bonar Law to enlighten us as to the principles which govern our expenditure, and to indicate what plans and what policy the Treasury have in hand for meeting the immense drain upon our resources at home and abroad in the next twelve months. Pre-war finance minus Parliamentary control will not carry us through. If the

Treasury has nothing better to offer than the dingy economies which have so far come before our notice, the outlook is dark indeed.

PEPPER.

Sweet country life, to such unknown
Whose lives are others'; not their own! . . .
Thou never plough'st the ocean's form
To seek and bring red pepper home. . . .
But walk'st about thine own dear bounds,
Not envying others' larger grounds. HERRICK.

THERE are three legitimate uses for pepper: to camouflage the flavour of badly cured foods; to put on the noses of fighting dogs; and to sprinkle over your hair, when you have undertaken to put your head in a lion's mouth, so that he cannot come at you for sneezing.

Till the eighteenth century there was never enough food to feed cattle properly over the winter. In summer our ancestors lived Homerically on freshly killed meat, the cattle ranging over the pastures before the Enclosures Acts had altered the face of England with hedges to keep the cattle from the resulting increased corn crops which brought us through the Napoleonic Wars. Our system of hedges is about a century and a half old, so any forest tree growing in a hedge can usually be dated as not older than 1750. As not enough winter feed was to be had off pasture land, and as even the supply of turnips, not introduced till the end of the seventeenth century, was limited, cattle had to be killed and salted before the cold weather arrived. The curing was imperfect, the meat often unpalatable, unless disguised by strong flavourings. The turnip-cabbage, or kohl-rabi, brought to England by a Canon of Windsor in 1749, the accidental importation of the swede, in place of the expected turnip-cabbage, in 1767, by a Kentish farmer, John Reynolds, and the appearance of the mangel-wurzel (literally, root-of-scarcity) twenty years later, led to a social revolution; they provided cattle feed in winter, and enabled the Duke of Bedford and Coke of Norfolk to improve the breed of sheep. From 1760 onwards meat was killed in winter as it was wanted, and stored in the ice-houses attached to most country seats. An early martyr to cold storage was Francis Bacon, who died from a chill caught in stuffing a chicken with snow, the preservative action of which he wished to observe.

Badly cured meat was responsible for many skin diseases; badly cured salt fish for leprosy. Skin diseases were endemic on board ship, epidemic every winter, and in every siege throughout the Middle Ages, although the wise Mosaic laws, instinctive for hygiene, had forbidden the eating of flesh more than a few days slain. Chaucer's cook, famous for his mortwreus of fish-roses and livers, bread, ale and pepper, had a gangrene, caused doubtless by handling and too freely tasting his imperfect materials, disguised however by "poudre-marchant tart and galingale."

Game was, of course, killed and eaten at home, but, once regular coaches were running, the Norfolk squire would send his friends a hamper of game, to arrive eatable indeed, but in a state of decomposition more or less advanced. To eat game high was once a necessity; it has remained a tradition, a senseless ritual. So we still disguise the flavour of decomposed food with sauces, cayenne pepper, and sweet jellies.

Not that the use of pepper was of mediæval origin. Hippocrates refers to it before 300 B.C. The Romans, who regarded pepper as a key industry, got it from Ceylon, that "utmost Indian isle Taprobane," whose ambassadors Milton in vision saw at Rome. They considered an early consignment a sure road to wealth: "Tolle recens primus piper ex sitiente camelo," says Persius, "be the first to take the newly-arrived pepper from the camel before he has drunk." The later Roman name for the island, Serendib, reminds us of Horry Walpole; that Autolycus of literature, who, having read the "Fairy Tale of the Three Princes of Serendib" and their endless lucky discoveries, coined the word "Serendipity" to denote the Happy Accident in art and life. Roman pepper came to Ostia by the Red Sea, and so

highly was it valued that 3,000 lbs. formed a part of the ransom exacted from Rome by Alaric after the siege of 408. In the Middle Ages a few pounds formed a handsome present. It was brought to Bruges by argosies that, from the eleventh to the fifteenth century, put forth from Venice with pepper and other spices, taking back wool to Italy to be dyed with alum, which till 1466 came from Asia Minor. From Bruges, a clearing house also of the Hanseatic League, pepper and spices were carried by the Almaines to Norwich and Lynn, and exchanged for English wool. But the increasing demand for pepper raised its price, and the search for other sources of supply was one of the reasons for the voyages, financed by the Fuggers of Augsburg, of Prince Henry the Navigator and Vasco da Gama, and thus one of the causes of the foundation of the Portuguese colonial empire. The discovery of the sea route to India via the Cape of Good Hope brought down the price of pepper appreciably, and that ruined the trade of Venice. Until the eighteenth century pepper nominally remained a Portuguese monopoly, although in 1609 the Dutch had seized Amboyna, colonised by the Portuguese in 1511; the East India Company, anxious to have a finger in the pepper pot, planted a small outpost there some six years later, its eighteen men being murdered by the Dutch in 1623, an incident destined to echo through English drama of the seventeenth century. Marco Polo says that Alexandria was the port from which supplies of pepper were distributed to the Western world, and although the Chinese city of Zaitun and others charged the Western merchants 50 per cent. duty, yet upon the remaining 50 per cent. their profit was so considerable that they were always ready to return to the same market. The distinction between white pepper and black, i.e., between the different preparations of the same plant, was well known in the East, though they were believed by Europeans to come from different species. The black variety was the favourite in England, to judge from the popularity of the tune of "Pepper is Black," to which other ballads were sung.

A shortage of pepper would once, in fact, have presented the same sort of problem as that created by the shortage of fats in Germany to-day. Proof of this may be found in any mediæval menu. Among the kitchen utensils in Plantagenet days of gastronomy the pepper mill or pepperquern always appears; fish sauce or a capon done in gobbets had to be prepared with pepper, "poignant and sharp," as Chaucer says, or "woo was the Franklin's cook." In Richard II.'s time pottage of boar's umbles was made with pepper and cloves, while the patties called Raffolys were made of seethed swine's flesh, with eggs, lard, cheese, ginger and cinnamon, rolled into balls, baked in dough, and served with a sauce of eggs, honey, pepper and saffron; Viande royale required wine and honey mixed with rice, ginger, pepper, spices, saffron, mulberries and sandalwood. These and endless similar dishes suggest that the Roast Beef of Old England was something of a myth, especially as salt meat could only be eaten boiled. Boiled beef that had lain in salt some days, flanked with vegetables, seasoned with pepper, and served with melted butter, was the ordinary English winter dinner as late as 1698, though roast beef might be preferred when fresh meat was available.

In mediæval England the supply of pepper was the concern of the second of the twelve great City Companies, first known as the Fraternity of Pepperers. In 1345 they became the Wardens and Commonality of the Mystery of the Grocers of the City of London. They were entrusted with the garbling—the sifting and examining—of spices and drugs, and were empowered to confiscate improperly selected, or garbled, goods. The "loaded camel trippant proper" is their crest. They admitted women as well as men. In 1348 "everyone of the Fraternity," it was enjoined, "having a wife or companion shall come to the feast," and anyone without leave failing to comply with the regulation was fined twenty pence for his wife or five shillings for the absence of both, "that is to say, 20 pence for the man, 20 pence for the wife, and 20 pence for the guest." This Company organised the sea trade of

England with the East for pepper and spices to which the expansion of our early foreign trade is due.

Five kinds of pepper are now in common use, black, white, grey, red, and yellow, the last from Nepal. All were doubtless found on the dresser of du Maurier's *maître d'hôtel* of whom we read:

A Cologne est un maître d'hôtel
Hors du centre du ventre duquel
Se projette une sorte de tiroir qui supporte
La moutarde, le poivre et le sel.

Pepper must have been prized in Cologne when Coleridge counted his two and seventy stinks and married them to his verse. It supplied our ancestors with proverbs—pepper in the nose was a term for taking offence until the eighteenth century; it gave them a cure for a cold—twelve whole-peppers in the mouth, driven down with beer. Keats peppered his throat in order to enjoy the coolness of claret; Pepper Hill at Verdun has made itself an imperishable name. But its use is merely to hide putrefaction, and, were this realised, the ten-and-sixpenny insult would be banished from among modern wedding gifts. Spices for burning have a subtler purpose, as the rose that embalms the air is more delicious than the same rose crystallised and eaten for the sake of luxurious but brief enjoyment. The pleasures of memory linger upon the sense of smell, the pleasures of the palate are fleeting, unrefined. Crowding memories stop the pen; there is the perfume of the Yarmouth red herring which should be eaten with pepper, as it was in the days of the Armada, and of one peppered dish, immortalised in verse as fragrant as the rose itself:

A street there is in Paris famous,
For which no rhyme our language yields,
Rue Neuve des Petits Champs its name is—
The New Street of the Little Fields.
And here's an inn, not rich and splendid,
But still in comfortable case,
The which in youth I oft attended
To eat a bowl of Bouillabaisse.

This Bouillabaisse a noble dish is—
A sort of soup or broth or brew,
Or hotch-potch of all sorts of fishes,
That Greenwich never could outdo;
Green herbs, red peppers, mussels, saffron,
Soles, onions, garlic, roach and dace;
All these you eat at Terré's tavern
In that one dish of Bouillabaisse.

Ah me! How quick the days are flitting!
I mind me of a time that's gone,
When here I'd sit, as now I'm sitting,
In this same place—but not alone.
A fair young form was nestled near me,
A dear, dear face looked fondly up,
And sweetly spoke and smiled to cheer me,
There's no one now to share my cup.

Red pepper has thus been canonised, and since it cheered the lonely Thackeray, shall we grudge it a niche in our Temple of Affection?

CORRESPONDENCE.

SIR ARTHUR YAPP'S ACCURACY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Some short time ago I drew attention in the *Morning Post* to a speech of Sir Arthur Yapp's which seemed to require some explanation. None was forthcoming from Sir Arthur, but from communications from unknown correspondents, who favoured me with their views, I gather that the raising of the question excited some interest. It has struck me that the reopening of the matter in your impartial columns might persuade Sir Arthur to break a silence which is not usually a characteristic of his psychology. The speech I referred to was made at the Mansion House, I think on Monday, the 19th Nov. Sir Arthur was giving an appreciation of the work of the Y.M.C.A., and, carried away by his enthusiasm, indulged his audience with some statistics. £3,000 worth of tea, cocoa, and coffee, he said, had been given away to the walking wounded after one battle alone by the Y.M.C.A.

As, allowing for some waste, sixty cups of either of

these refreshing beverages can be supplied for 3s., it would follow that 1,200,000 walking wounded must on this occasion have been given sustenance by the Y.M.C.A.—and this after one battle! How stimulating not only for the wounded who were refreshed, but for the Germans, who will conclude that their most sanguine estimates of our losses were ludicrously under the mark! But if, as may be hoped, no battle caused a tithe of these casualties, how were the £3,000 spent? In mediaeval times great occasions were celebrated by fountains of wine in the public streets. Adapted to modern times, did the Y.M.C.A. cause fountains of tea, coffee, and cocoa to waste their warmth in the Flanders mud? This would no doubt have been admirable propaganda from Sir Arthur Yapp, the business manager of the Y.M.C.A., but where was Sir Arthur Yapp—the missionary for food economy? A third alternative would, of course, be possible, but would be too painful to contemplate.

Yours faithfully,

WEMYSS.

WRITING ON THE WAR.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—The public generally has no idea of the difficulties which hamper any form of writing concerning the war. Christmas tales of Flanders, with other sentimental stuff which does not deceive the expert for a moment can, of course, be turned out with the facility with which the population leaps from its bed at the sound of the air-raid barrage.

But what of truth concerning the war? Is it considered advisable? Is it allowed? The entire population of this country is, apparently, so weak-minded and so unused to a critical situation of affairs that it has to be fed on the lollipops of an ultra-optimism which lasts, perhaps, for a day, being corrected to-morrow by a dose of ultra-pessimism. Readers of intelligence may well despair when confronted with these foolish alternations of opinion, some of them derived from our leading politicians. They suggest the "popularis aura," that idle swaying to and fro with every breath of rumour which should be corrected by a decent education.

"I help myself at last with truth, the sorriest shift!" says Mephistopheles in 'Faust.' It is a shift to which our own Press might be allowed more frequently to resort. As it is, the truth, when it is unpalatable, comes out several days late, being extracted in Parliament from reluctant official answerers by gentlemen whose views do not appeal to the nation at large. That immense and respectable body has its tantrums and demands its occasional victims, but when—one may ask—did it cease to possess that steady spirit in the face of danger and disaster which used to be considered part of the make-up of John Bull? He may be stupid, but he is solid and resolute when he means to do or suffer anything; he is not the pettish child that the official methods of procedure seem to suggest.

If the system of suppressing bad news and bad views were complete in this free country, we should not, indeed, rejoice, but we might feel that everybody was treated alike. Notoriously it is not so. All this official evasion is singularly futile, so far as the public is concerned, because our soldiers are always coming back from the front in great numbers. Their mouths cannot be closed, and their pungent exposure of the true state of affairs wins a credence not in these days necessarily associated with print. The old idea that what was in print must be true has been largely broken down by the wilder purveyors of sensation among our modern journalists, who would evidently applaud Balzac's maxim that for their profession "the possible is the true." The trained mind which goes with the pen that does not care to exaggerate, or run into the legend the public loves, sees objections to this maxim. It does not see any sufficient reason for exaggerating the pestilent sentimentalism of to-day. It sees good reasons under the present conditions of unequal tyranny for writing nothing about the war at all. Yet, as a great author who was also a great soldier remarked over 1,000 years since:

"Tis shameful to be silent, and let barbarians speak."

On the whole, anxious as I am to do anything which may serve to help my country, I am glad that I am,

Yours faithfully,

AN EX-EDITOR.

WAR AIMS

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—I am at the opposite political pole from THE SATURDAY REVIEW, but I admire your straightforward policy. One can always tell what you are driving at, and that cannot be said of either the Allies or the British Government.

Your exposure of the hollowness of Mr. Balfour's plea as to the unselfishness of our war aims was very timely.

Altruism is not necessarily a virtue.

There is no particular virtue in destroying the British Empire in order to settle the destiny of the Czecho-Slovaks, the boundaries of the Trentino, or the ownership of the Alsatian coal mines and the iron ore of Lorraine. Even if one settled these knotty problems in one generation, they would probably be unsettled in a few more generations. My war aims are fairly simple—i.e., Disarmament and the settlement of outstanding problems and new problems by a League of Nations with force behind it. If Germany agreed to this, she would be thoroughly beaten.

Truly yours,

RICHARD LEE.

11, Knowsley Street, Bury, Lancs., Dec. 26, 1917.

PATRIOTISM AND RELIGION.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—In your notes, this week, we are told that: "It is worth noting that in our two greatest Dominions, Canada and Australia, the bitterest opponent of British interests is the Roman Catholic priesthood." If this is a fact worth noting, let us also note the equally undeniable fact that in England the bitterest opponent of British interests has been the Established Church of England, the highest prelates (not the priesthood) of which have given cause to all the popular newspapers to refer to them, during the whole period of the war, as the symbols of anti-patriotism.

In London to-day, religion and patriotism go hand-in-hand in the persons of Father Vaughan, a Roman Catholic priest, and Dr. Fort Newton, the American pastor at the City Temple. The Established Church offers us the profound scholarship and political pessimism of Dean Inge, at St. Paul's.

Your obedient servant,

J. LANDFEAR LUCAS.

Glendora, Hindhead, Surrey.

LORDS OR SENATE?

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—While the world is convulsed by the greatest war ever known seems a strange time for British politicians to choose as the most suitable for upsetting the Government of the British Empire. To abolish, or radically to alter, the constitution of the House of Lords is no small matter; and men are asking themselves why it should be necessary to meddle with it. It is not that the Lords are to be blamed more than the Commons over the conduct of our war. Some of the best statesmen we have are members of that body. They have, too, shown a patriotism and courage second to none. Many of them have lost their sons on the field of battle. Why must we destroy this House?

The answer to this is not hard to find. In a time of upheaval when many changes are taking place, everyone who has a public hobby is anxious to seize the opportunity of trotting it out. We have many such on view now; the Socialists, the Prohibitionists, etc., all seem to think that after this war their chance will come. We may avoid falling under the German yoke, but we are not to escape theirs. The opponents of the House of Lords as at present constituted, seeing what the others are doing, hasten to bring forward their own special grievance.

Before these men proceed with their work of destruction it is to be hoped that the whole Empire will consider the matter seriously, and they should remember that, while it is sometimes easy to pull down an institution, it is not always a simple matter to put something else in its place. The present state of Russia should be an object lesson to them.

Our House of Lords secures for us the accumulated experience of the best men in every department of life. Men who have done good work, political, diplomatic, in law, in war, as governors of the overseas Dominions, or in finance are offered seats in this House. True, of late years some of these honours have been somewhat hastily given, but in most cases the honour has been deserved. Many of these men thus chosen have retired from active work; but their knowledge and experience are secured to the nation instead of being lost. We have lately had a good opportunity of seeing the advantage of our system. Before the war broke out we had such men as Lords Cromer, Milner, and Curzon, and at one time Lord Kitchener, all at home and unemployed by the then Cabinet; but these men were not altogether lost to the nation. They sat in the Upper House, and did good service there; and when called upon after war began were ready to give their help. The other peers sit by right of birth, and this is the great grievance. It is not logical for a man to be a peer because he is the first-born; no one would contend for a moment that it is, but the world is not ruled by logic, and it is a good thing that it is not. The right of the eldest-born is convenient and easy to understand. Indefensible in theory, it works well in practice.

It should be remembered that Alexander Hamilton, a heaven-born statesman if there ever was one, wanted to institute a House of Lords in the United States; and he only gave way on the subject when he saw that his colleagues were unable to rise to his idea.

"But the House of Lords is not democratic." Isn't it? "That blessed word" Democracy has ousted Mesopotamia altogether. To some people it is enough to say that anything is not democratic and it is damned beyond hope, whatever be its merits. But Democracy surely means government by the People, and not, as too many imagine, government entirely by what are facetiously called the working-classes. No country in the world is so democratic as Great Britain, because in it all classes engage in political life, and rank goes for nothing. Contrast it with the countries where the wealthy men never dream of taking part in politics, and think what an aid this custom has been to us in keeping our Government free from much that is sordid and undignified. When scions of our greatest families can contest seats in Parliament with Labour men, and take the rough and tumble of such a conflict in a spirit of good humour and fair play, the public life of England cannot sink into a mere struggle for place and profit.

Lord Bryce is said to admire the Senate of the United States. Perhaps he will tell us in what respects it is an improvement on the Lords. Is it more honest, honourable, disinterested, more dignified, wiser? One recalls certain passages in the writings of Mrs. G. Atherton and Mr. Winston Churchill on the Government of the United States, and recently an ex-President made some nasty remarks on Senators daring to condemn anybody for anything, but these no doubt are exaggerations. Among the revelations of German bribery which we have read lately some of them refer to the amounts required in bribing the Senates of various countries; and altogether it does not seem likely that one would be breathing a purer air by exchanging the House of Lords for a House of Senators.

Can we find anywhere a better body of men for that purpose than those who have no ambitious aims, who for the most part are independent, and who seek neither money nor power? Such men are able to give their time and thought to the welfare of their country. If instead of these men we have an elected Senate, however carefully chosen, are they certain to do as well? And is it really worth while to undermine one of the foundations of our great Empire for the sake of making an experiment? The British nation should study this matter closely, and, seeing the advantage of our pre-

sent system, should refuse to upset it for something which in no country yet has established an equally fine record.

Transvaal, South Africa.

Yours, etc.,

A. A.

GERUSALEMME LIBERATA AND THE POPE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—"*Gerusalemme liberata*, and not a bell rang in Rome. . . . *Gerusalemme liberata*, and St. Peter's is silent." So the *Tablet's* Rome correspondent mournfully recorded in his letter of December 13th, published last Saturday. Only think of it! The banner of the Cross waves once more over the Holy Sepulchre; but "the necessary caution of the Vatican" and of Christianity's Arch-Priest forbids even a modest celebration until a week has elapsed. And yet some people are incensed when other people speak of the failure of the Churches in this great crisis.

"What will the Pope do or say about it?" was the question anxiously asked when first the news of the great event was announced. Would he lie low, like Brer Rabbit, and say nothing? Or would he order *Te Deums* to be sung in the churches of all cities—Berlin, of course, included? His Holiness has done neither of these things. Faced with a very delicate situation, he has shown the tact and adroitness which we are entitled to expect from so accomplished a diplomatist, and has skated over the thinnest possible ice with a lightness and dexterity which compel our admiration.

The enemies of our Anglican Church tell us that it regards mistiness as the mother of ecclesiastical wisdom, and vagueness as a merit which inevitably leads to high preferment; but for true wariness, for proficiency in the subtle art of verbal camouflage, I venture to say that no prelate of the Establishment can come within a mile of Benedict XV. The Pope would like to go into transports of joy at so auspicious an occasion, but "over our gladness there is still a cloud: the liberators of the Holy Sepulchre" do not owe allegiance to Rome. He therefore indulges in no unseemly jubilation over the success of our British arms in their high endeavour, but expresses a chastened (very chastened) satisfaction at the thought that at length the age-long prayers of the Fathers have been granted by the expulsion of the Turk. Due consideration is not here shown, perhaps, for the feelings of the Kaiser's friend and associate in arms, Enver Pasha; but this was hardly to be expected. On the other hand, the Imperial pietist of Potsdam—who claims to have in The Most High an unconditional and avowed Ally on whom he can safely depend—should be, if not exactly pleased, at least not grievously vexed, by the latest pronouncements of his other *fidus Achates* in the Vatican.

Yours faithfully,

HUGH E. M. STUTFIELD.

Oxford and Cambridge Club, Pall Mall, S.W.1.

December 31.

KEATS, LOCKHART, AND WILSON.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—With reference to the letter of "Old Pen" in your issue of to-day, my statement that Lockhart was mainly responsible for the *Blackwood* attack on Keats was founded on the following passage in Sir Sidney Colvin's book (pp. 308-309): "The responsibility for the Gallipots article, as for many others in the *Blackwood* of the times, may have been in some sort collective. But that Lockhart had the chief share in it is certain. According to Dilke he in later life owned as much. To those who know his hand, he stands confessed, not only in the general gist and style, but in particular phrases. One is the use of Sangrado for doctor, a use which both Scott and Lockhart had caught from *Gil Blas*. Others are the allusions to the *Méromanie* of Piron, and the *Endymion* of Wieland, particularly the latter. Wieland's *Oberon*, as we have seen, had made its mark in England through Sotheby's translation, but no other member of the *Blackwood* group is the least likely to have had any acquaintance with his untranslated minor works except Lockhart,

whose stay at Weimar had given him a familiar knowledge of contemporary German literature." In a further passage (p. 310) Sir Sidney Colvin remarks: "Lockhart in after life pleaded the rawness of youth, and also that in the random and incoherent violence of the early years of *Blackwood* there had been less of real and settled malice than in the *Quarterly Review*, as at that time conducted."

I think it will be admitted that these circumstantial statements of Sir Sidney Colvin are more convincing than Dean Boyle's implication, on which "Old Pen" chiefly relies.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

THE REVIEWER.

Dec. 29, 1917.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—“The Recollections of the Very Rev. G. D. Boyle, Dean of Salisbury,” happened to be the book I took to bed with me last week; and this morning, while perusing the SATURDAY, I was delighted to find the letter signed “Old Pen,” who refers to Dr. Boyle's doubt as to Lockhart's responsibility for the savage criticism of Keats in *Blackwood's Magazine*. Your correspondent suggests that Professor Wilson—crusty Christopher, as Tennyson called him—was the culprit; and your correspondent is probably right. He might have gone farther and told us that several good judges have declined to believe that the virulent *Blackwood* attack had anything to do with the early death of Keats, and have rather agreed with Carlyle's saying that if a man can be snuffed out of existence by a literary reviewer the sooner he is dead the better.

The passage referring to Lockhart occurs in chap. iv. of the *Recollections*, and is as follows:—“His (Lockhart's) own papers in *Blackwood* he used to speak of with contempt and regret. I do not think it is at all fair to accuse him of having played the principal part in the *Blackwood* attacks upon Keats, Leigh Hunt, and the other writers of what is called the Cockney school.” Not a word about Wilson occurs here, but in chap. ii. Dr. Boyle recalls his personal impressions of the *Professor* of 1847, devoting nearly three pages to the task of extolling the unvarying amiability of his disposition and the tender charity of his literary judgments. “A delightful trait in Wilson's character was his hearty appreciation of great writers.” “He was certainly excellent company, and poured forth a stream of genial talk.”

Dr. Boyle's reflections, however, record the enthusiasm of the ardent young Oxford undergraduate for the emerited age of the Professor of Moral Philosophy at Edinburgh: not for the Zoilean critic of the rowdy days of Maga.

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

THOMAS CARR.

82, Earls Road, Southampton, December 30.

“OUR WEATHER.”

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—With reference to your leading article on the above, a French opinion of our climate about 1850 (as expressed, I think, by d'Artagnan in “Vingt ans après”), is amusing:—

“Dans ce pays il fait froid toujours: le beau temps est du brouillard, le brouillard de la pluie, la pluie du déluge: le soleil ressemble à la lune, et la lune à un fromage à la crème.”

Yours faithfully,

W.

THE SCARCITY OF MILK.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—The quotation in your last week's issue from the Food Production Department's report on the scarcity of milk smacks of the official amateur. The scarcity of concentrated feeding stuffs for cows has undoubtedly been a contributory cause of the scarcity of milk; but it is not, in my opinion, the chief cause, nor

can it be entirely remedied by substituting roots for hay.

In my judgment the cause of the shortage of milk was fixing the price too low: and as farmers could sell their cows at very high prices, and save a great deal of worry and trouble, many of them did so. As you can't feed a cow exclusively on either mangolds or hay, it is rather difficult to compare them. An acre of very good mangolds might be worth three acres of light hay. In Scotland we chiefly grow turnips, and the yield varies enormously: but an average acre of turnips is certainly not worth three acres of hay.

If the Government had forbidden heifers to be fattened and sold six months ago, there would have been plenty of milk: cows now.

Yours faithfully,

A SCOTTISH FARMER.

OUR PRISONERS IN GERMANY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—The treatment of our wounded in Germany—an article upon which has lately appeared in the *Morning Post*—may seem incredible to many, but to those of us who from the beginning have seen and talked to exchanged prisoners of war from Germany such accounts only make the agony of our impotence greater.

Germany takes advantage of the fact that it is exceedingly difficult for the British mind to feel rancour against a man who is a prisoner and wounded, and therefore retaliation is impossible when it means cruelty and insults to those unable to stand up for themselves.

This war is the outcome of the degradation of the soul of a people. Therefore, to speak of the German people being of different quality from their leaders and rulers is beside the point. They are all—the exceptions are too few to matter—cast in the same mould, and brought up in the same brutal, material school. The iron must be made to enter into their souls before they can be taught that “as a man sows, so must he reap.”

However, the psychology of the German mind is no excuse whatever for the attitude that our Government has taken up with regard to the unspeakable treatment which has been, and is being, meted out to our men now prisoners of war in Germany. Let no one run away with the idea that because many of our soldiers interned in Holland say nothing of ill usage that it does not exist; they know the effect to those left behind if they make complaints, also that “dead men tell no tales”, a matter not likely to be overlooked by Germany.

From the very beginning of the war the French, when they found their people in Germany were not being allowed to write home or have tobacco, etc., they, without any publicity or talking, put notices up in the internment camps in France saying that until their men in Germany were allowed these amenities the Germans interned in France would not be allowed them either. The result was instantaneous. This was being done when I was myself working in France in the spring of 1915. There are some things that no one can let their minds dwell upon if they wish to keep sane, but those men who are in power and who have the responsibility on their souls of not having done everything that was humanly possible with regard to our men in Germany will have to bear in mind that when our armies are disbanded, and our men come back from Germany—those who still retain their faculties—there will be a terrible reckoning, and they must remember that they will not be dealing with an army of disciplined soldiers. It will be an army of civilians, who will have nothing to fear by speaking out, and who when they do speak will have the whole country behind them.

Let those men, too, who are responsible for keeping men in London and in big towns whose nerves are being tortured with the racket even when there are no air raids, take this to heart, and let them pause in the midst of their tangles of red-tape and allow some feeling of pity for these poor boys to come into their hearts,

and God grant them vision to right a great wrong.—
Yours, etc.,
VIOLET BRYCE.
35, Bryanston-square, London, Jan. 1st, 1918.

SACRILEGE!

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Is there no one who will get up in Parliament and protest against the insincerity of asking for the help and blessing of God on this coming year, when victory and peace are to be the date on which His Church in Wales is to be robbed of the money left in trust by Churchpeople for the maintenance of His worship and of the poor, and confiscated to secular uses?

"Will a man rob God. Yet ye have robbed me. But ye say, Wherein have we robbed thee? In tithes and offerings.

"Ye are cursed with a curse; for ye have robbed me, even this whole nation.

Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse, that there may be meat in mine house, and prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven and pour you out a blessing. . . ."

Malachi iii., 8-10. A. SCOTT WHITBY.

166, Warwick Street, Belgrave Road, S.W.1.

January 1, 1918.

GERMAN THRIFT.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—We have been hearing lately a good deal of talk in praise of "German thrift." I will tell you an instance.

Many years ago a very rich German in Chicago (a sausage manufacturer named Luetgert) murdered his wife. The body had entirely disappeared, and it was proved at the trial that Luetgert had converted it into soap, which he had then used for washing the floors and staircases of his sausage factory. Luetgert made this human soap himself on the night of the murder, staying up all night for the purpose. Could industry and thrift go farther?

Moreover, it is a striking proof of German refinement and delicacy that Luetgert refrained from converting his wife's dead body into sausages, and then selling them to the public of Chicago.

Your obedient servant,

BERTRAND SHADWELL.

Chicago, U.S.A.,

December 11th, 1917.

DEAN HENSON AND HEREFORD.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Dr. Henson, as you say, was for a time a SATURDAY REVIEWER; and any editor who knew his business would be glad to have the help of his brilliant pen. But you should also have mentioned that at that time Dr. Henson was not identified with the views that now make him unacceptable alike to most High Churchmen and most Evangelicals. As indefiniteness or nonentity of view is the distinguishing mark of the Broad Church School, naturally a man's views are of small account to them, so long as they sit him lightly. Views to them are secondary. So they can swallow Dr. Henson without any contortion.

I cannot help expressing my regret that Dean Henson, for whom I have had for many years a great personal regard, and whose abilities impress me much, should make the mistake of accepting an appointment which he knows to be distasteful to most Anglican Churchmen, and must necessarily produce friction and controversy and emphasise division at a time when every Christian and every good Churchman wishes to promote unity.

This sort of appointment throws moderate Churchmen into the hands of extremists. If it comes to a choice between Dr. Henson and the E.C.U., the High Churchman of any shade can hardly hesitate to throw in his lot with the E.C.U., which may be very distasteful to him. I am myself a case in point.

I am, truly yours,

HAROLD HODGE.

St. James' Mansion, 54, Piccadilly, W.1.

2 January, 1918.

REVIEWS.

WITH FRIEND AND FOE.

Inside Constantinople: A Diplomatist's Diary during the Dardanelles Expedition, April-September, 1915.
By Lewis Einstein. Murray. 6s.

A Roumanian Diary. By Lady Kennard. Heinemann. 5s. net.

MR. EINSTEIN records his impressions of Constantinople and the talk of Pera during those months of 1915 when he was in the Turkish capital as special agent of the United States. How doubtful much that he then heard is bound to be can, perhaps, be fully realised only by those who knew the worth of Pera rumours in more tranquil times. The Embassies, as a resort of native Christians and of disaffected Turks, are always apt to form a false idea of the existing Turkish Government; and it is not strange that Mr. Einstein, while professing kindness for the Turk, should express a poor opinion of his present rulers. From the point of view of the diplomatist, the Ottoman Government exists entirely as a ward or plaything of diplomacy; and everything it does upon its own account is wrong accordingly. But this has never been the view adopted by the Turks themselves, except a few ambitious men who, being out of office, seek to curry favour with some foreign Power; nor is it reasonable to expect it should be, after the Concert of Europe has so often ineffectually guaranteed the independence and integrity of the Turkish realm. If anybody needs convincing that the Turks have something to endure, not only from those Christian subjects who desire their overthrow, but even from diplomacy, however neutral, he should read this book, in which the author, on a score of pages, almost prays for their destruction. It was the same with our diplomatists during the first Balkan War. Their enemy sympathies were pretty evident in spite of visits to the Turkish wounded and relief work. And one can easily imagine how this attitude reacts on men of spirit and some pride, who think their country just as good as any other.

Mr. Einstein tells us, what we all had guessed, that the Turks do not adore the Germans in command, and would have much preferred to have the British with them in the same position. It was only after England had refused the rôle of their protector that Germany was asked to fill it. The author justly blames our own diplomacy. Djavad (a Turkish diplomatist) "thought the British made a great mistake not to work with the Committee—with all its faults it had energy and power, and a country like Turkey was not ripe for party government. With only a little skilful handling Turkey could have been so easily in British hands—quite true to my mind. I told him that the Young Turk treatment of Greeks and Armenians had given great offence. He asked why this could not have been overlooked in the same way as London overlooked Russia's atrocities in Persia. He had been much impressed when, after every kind of horror, Grey declared that he was without information on the subject."

Sir Edward Grey's refusal to publish the Consular reports of massacres by Christians in the first Balkan War might also have been cited. It caused a great impression, not in Turkey only, but throughout the Muslim world. And undoubtedly it has done much to cause the present ruthless attitude towards disaffected Christians in the Turkish Empire. On the principle that "what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander," the Turks may claim the right to simplify the Christian question in Asia in the same way that the Christians of the Balkans "simplified the Muslim question" in those provinces, without rousing horror.

"Oddly enough, Turkey has been of more use to Germany than Austria, but that is because England willed it, when it would have been so easy to leave the Turks alone," writes Mr. Einstein. We would go further and assert that Turkey has been of more use to Germany than Russia has been to England. Palmerston, Canning and Disraeli were better prophets than the late Lord Salisbury. But as for leaving the Turks alone, how could England, bound to Russia by

an understanding, possibly do that? The servility of British statesmanship to Russian policy in Eastern lands appears insensate in the light of recent happenings. And our diplomacy expressed that servile posture, as in duty bound. No other diplomat, perhaps, went quite so far as our Ambassador at Petrograd when, at a banquet in March, 1916, he solemnly asked pardon for the Crimean War, assuring Russia that "the England of Palmerston, of Canning and of Beaconsfield" was no more. But the general tendency had long been noticeable, and nowhere more than at Constantinople. The Young Turks, new to office and upon their dignity, but eager Anglophiles, were rebuffed as if they had been stupid, tiresome children. Mr. Einstein gives a list of England's blunders in regard to Turkey, beginning with our refusal to work with the Committee, and ending with our seizure of two Turkish warships and the money paid for them, instead of sending them, with English crews, to guard the Straits. The list is incomplete. He has not mentioned our persuading Turkey to disband the best part of her European army just before the Balkan War, nor our solemn declaration, on the outbreak of that war, that neither side would be permitted to retain its conquests. And it is surprising in a book which deals so much with the Armenian trouble to find no word concerning our refusal to provide inspectors for Armenia when invited by the Turks to do so in 1913. The Young Turks before the war accused the British Embassy, in the person of an active subordinate, of favouring the party of reaction, even to the extent of calling secret meetings of that party. The party of reaction, it must be remembered, dealt in plots and assassinations. The charge may be imaginary, but the bitterness was real; and it is not too much to say that British diplomacy became hated and distrusted in consequence. Hatred may be roused by strong diplomacy which aims at war; to rouse distrust can only be a sign of weakness; and neither feeling can be regarded as the aim of a friendly diplomacy such as ours in Turkey might have been supposed to be.

Mr. Einstein says enough to clear the Turks of the charge of pro-Germanism, except in self-defence. They came into the present war through dread of England hardly less than Russia, and our attacks have justified the fears instilled by German agents. "It would have been so easy to leave the Turks alone."

At the American Embassy Mr. Einstein naturally heard a lot about the persecution of Armenians from reports of missionaries. He seems to deny the military necessity for the deportations, while referring often to the anti-Turkish feelings of both Armenian and Greek subjects of the Porte. We notice that on one page he ascribes atrocities to the Armenian volunteers with the Russian army, and on another calls the contention of the Turks, that the said volunteers had massacred many thousands of Muslims in the neighbourhood of Van, a lie. From a comparison of dates it seems, by his own showing, that the deportations grew more brutal after the affair of Van, whatever may have been its true dimensions. His little book is well worth reading, especially by those who know their Pera.

Lady Kennard went to Roumania in September, 1915, for what purpose is not stated. Like Mr. Einstein, she has published a straightforward record of events, impressions, and the current gossip of a capital in form of diary. The narrative becomes exciting on Roumania's entering the war. The author then took service in a Red Cross hospital, in which the wounded had to be left behind when orders came for headlong flight to Jassy. It is interesting to compare this story of Roumanian panic and disorder with Mr. Einstein's description of the coolness of the Turks when they imagined they might have to leave Constantinople any moment and retire to Asia Minor. The absence of commanding personalities in Roumania as compared with Turkey is remarkable. The Turks possess a gift for rough and ready management. The Roumanians, when their smart but artificial army system was confounded by defeat, seem to have collapsed utterly. Only the Russians, coming in great force, enabled them

to rally and reorganise defence. In peace they are a light-hearted, rather childlike people, the most civilised in all the Balkans. Lady Kennard's book reveals their amiable qualities, and will serve to call attention to their service to the cause of the Allies, which, though occasionally overlooked, is not contemptible.

"THE CHIEF."

Lord Lister. By Sir Rickman John Godlee, Bt. Macmillan. 18s. net.

THIS book is rather a record of scientific and surgical achievement than a regular biography. Lord Lister wished to be thus commemorated, and his nephew and pupil, Sir Rickman Godlee, has loyally fallen in with his injunctions, though careful at the same time to convey a clear idea of the great healer's habits and character. The world has probably not lost much by the omission of Lister's home letters, except those dealing with his lectures and discoveries. Lister lived for his work; when he travelled he took it with him, and his friendships seem to have been mostly medical. It is interesting to note that he read Horace, Dante, and Goethe in his scanty leisure, and that he had an eye for natural scenery, even if he conveyed its beauties to his father and brother in guide-book phrases. But the world must have been essentially for Lister a place in which medical congresses met and on which vegetables and animals flourished for the service of man. There was probably but little mystery about that simply complete "Chief," whom his profession admired, his students worshipped, and in whom, as Henley's well-known sonnet describes, his patients could reverence

"His face at once benign and proud and shy."

Lady Lister, a daughter of the eminent Syme, and the devoted fellow-labourer with her husband in all his pursuits, may have been more complex. Sir Rickman, however, allows us to know little more about her than that she was a good linguist, and dismisses her with the saying of Dr. John Brown, the author of 'Rab and His Friends': "As for Agnes, she was once in Heaven for three or four days when she was a very little child, and she has borne the mark of it ever since."

Lister was fortunate in his father, a Quaker and a London wine merchant, who at the same time became distinguished in optics, and to whom the son could confide his thoughts for many years with the certainty that they would be understood. A brother, Arthur by name, was also an appreciative correspondent. But when the boy announced that he would be a surgeon, the father at first demurred. "Let Nature," he said, "do her own work." At University College, London, however, young Lister came under Sharpey, an inspiring teacher, and Sharpey suggested a month's visit to Edinburgh and Syme, which developed into Lister's residence in Scotland until he was fifty and a famous man. It is unnecessary to follow step by step the career of one who was from the first an innovator, with the true innovator's eye for the precise modification of method that would compel an experiment to turn from failure to success. Long before the year 1865, when Lister began that antiseptic campaign against wound infection and hospital disease with which his name is inseparably connected, he had published a notable paper on the coagulation of the blood, and invented the familiar "wire needle" which did serve a good purpose in its day. Does one surgeon in fifty know that it was his? Lister was also a fine, even a daring operator, though a slow one, and the account of his contributions to general surgery, excision of the wrist joint for example, which Sir Rickman relegates to an appendix (literary not bodily) should not be neglected. The Germans would promptly have pitched upon Lister; they would have endowed him and segregated him to pursue his researches in peace. But at Glasgow and Edinburgh hours in the laboratory had to be snatched from private practice, visits to infirmary wards, examination papers, and countless other distractions. A dreamy disregard for punctuality no doubt

aggravated matters. Still, it is distressing to read of addresses, which made new history in surgery, delivered after some two hours' sleep from notes jotted down in the railway train. Yes, Lister suffered unwarrantably in the cause of science. At the same time the conjecture may be hazarded that his anxieties may have prevented him from working in too narrow a groove. He might have dwindled into a scientific recluse, if knowledge had been made easy for him, and so have failed to appreciate, as he did at a glance, the value of Pasteur's investigations of the organisms that produce fermentation and putrefaction.

The most interesting chapters, perhaps, in this admirable book dealt with the condition of the hospitals and infirmaries before Lister's antiseptic treatment came into vogue. Even where the surgeons succeeded in getting rid of dirt and overcrowding, they operated in coats that lasted from year to year, and, as Sir Rickman remarks, "eventually acquired an incrustation of filth of which the owners appeared unconscious, or even proud." The death-rate from pyæmia, gangrene, and kindred diseases stood terribly high. Erickson, a creditable example of the old school, considered a mortality after major amputations from 24 to 26 per cent. to be a very satisfactory result. Lister turned Pasteur's researches into practice, and he was soon able to write to his father, "Surgery is becoming a different thing altogether." It was a modest way of announcing a discovery that has saved countless lives.

The hostile reception of the antiseptic doctrine by Sir James Simpson and others, is, of course, a familiar tale. The use of carbolic acid was derided as having been anticipated by Lemaire, and the principle on which Lister worked was misunderstood. We hear a good deal of the obscurantism which had its headquarters at London with Sir William Savory as its champion, where even Sir James Paget, after a treatment of compound fracture, in which carbolic acid was superimposed on collodion (!) decided that "it certainly did no good." It is only just to his uncle's memory that Sir Rickman should tell these stories; at the same time he appears to exaggerate their importance. The acceptance of Lister's doctrine by his own generation was not much more cordial, after all, abroad than in this country. The younger men it was who cried like the American student, "I'll fight this in New York, Doctor." And there was human nature in this antagonism to a revolution in surgical practice. Lister, in the first place, though really the least controversial of men, did contrive to say one or two unfortunate things about current surgical practice and administration, and made enemies thereby. Secondly, his doctrine took some time to emerge from its experimental stage, and thereby conveyed the impression that he was not quite sure of his own ground. The spray, for instance, was tried and found wanting, largely from the discomfort it caused to the operator, and though Lister admitted its failure with manly candour, it was no less a failure. These surgical controversies, in fact, though they make a prodigious noise, do not materially hamper the advance of truth. Sir Rickman does not himself escape their contagion, for, after admitting that there is little real difference between the antiseptic and the rival aseptic treatment, he works himself up into quite a "temperature" against the second of the two. Mr. Bernard Shaw was not far off the mark by any means when he penned the first act of 'The Doctor's Dilemma.' Happily for his renown, Lister overtops all medical argument and counter-argument, for even should the antiseptic treatment be ultimately superseded, he, like his illustrious predecessor, John Hunter, was a benefactor to the human race beyond all cavil.

A VAGUE RELIGION.

The Religion of Art. With illustrative accompaniment. By Reginald Hallward. London: Heath Cranston. 5s.

IF anyone has a religion to denounce, now, we should suppose, is the time to declare it. But he must take care to express himself quite clearly and practically, avoiding vagueness, inoperative sentiment, and remote abstractions. Mere denunciation of existing ills, followed by a phrase that this or that abstract quality will save the world, cannot satisfy our quest. The temper of thoughtful men to-day demands, above all, a religion that fearlessly and squarely faces the particular facts of this world as they actually are, and does not vaguely pine for the alleged purity and happiness of an ancient, pre-industrial world. In a common word, what we shall listen to is a creed that promises to cut some ice.

Mr. Hallward's soul is revolted by out-worn creeds and superstitions, by established churches, by experience and authority—"the pathways that lead down into hell." Also, he dislikes intensely commercialism, industrial conditions, mills and factories, and shoddy machine-made goods. The cure for these, and presumably all ills, are Poverty and Beauty, and life "once more at the beginning." "Let us listen to our hearts," he exhorts us, "and, if war is hell, if commercialism is hell, if money and possession make hell, let us give up what enslaves us, and with Poverty and Beauty set sail once more, out to that glittering horizon towards which the paradise of our hopes invites us. . . . The creative arts stand at the frontiers of life, to guard its happiness and to preserve its sanctuary. Beauty precedes Freedom. Beauty will save the world . . . and next the Dawn!"

These few extracts fairly, though briefly, represent Mr. Hallward's lamentations and prophetic salvation. But we doubt if many will accept his assurance of Beauty's and Poverty's efficacy without demanding first what exactly it all means. What was the special virtue, for instance, of life at the beginning? If Beauty and Poverty managed things so perfectly in those fabulous times (we are not sure as to their date, or whether the cavemen or the Greeks are referred to as the lucky beneficiaries of primæval blessings), where was the flaw and what the canker?

Are riches, war and commercialism the exclusive properties of the twentieth century? Are we historically exact in asserting that the world to-day is more material than in the so-called golden age of innocence and Beauty? Was Beauty, with great periods of art, in Greece, say, or Italy, a sure preventive of all ills, a kind of destructive antiseptic purifying social conditions and putrefactions? And, if so, what caused its potency to evaporate? For we seem to associate unspeakable excesses of cruelty, vice and meanness with ancient Greece and Italy. And then, turning to Mr. Hallward's way out, what exactly is implied by sailing to a glittering horizon with Poverty and Beauty at the prow? He yearns for an escape; he sees a little ship moving out at last from its anchorage into the smiling bay and feels left behind, chained to a confining mortality of fell experience and outworn creed. He would take to him wings and fly to some paradise beyond the fair horizon. But, after all, what future has a religion that can suggest no better remedy for the actual facts of life than sailing away to a shining paradise? The pious wish so to escape may fall from quite resolute men's lips in their tired moments. When the roof leaks most people wish the rain would stop, though that does not practically mend matters. We may be densely wrong; but as we apprehend it, preached by Mr. Hallward, his

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Religion of Art fails to face the facts. But, then, does a prophet who, hearing an owl's hunting or courting cry, says that "an owl complained," and who hears the sentry's "musket" rattle, does he face the facts of life himself?

LATEST BOOKS.

Son of Kazan. By James Oliver Curwood. Cassell. 6s. net.

This dog-story is a continuation of "Kazan, the Wolf-Dog." His son Baree is more dog than wolf, and makes a decided turn against savagery after a brief and unfortunate experience of the wolf-pack which in its hunting mood rejects and attacks him. The idea of a dog who is half wolf was good when it was first developed, but by this time has become rather commonplace to readers. Mr. Curwood has a genuine knowledge of wild life, and introduces his dog to a girl among the trappers who wins his devotion and involves him in a vendetta against a human scoundrel. The dog wins in the end, though hard pressed more than once; indeed, he could not do otherwise, being the hero. The book does not lack excitement, but it seems to us a little tedious in places, and the final scene, in which the girl finds a mate and accepts him with extraordinary rapidity, does not convince us in the least. It is a tribute to sentimentality.

ONCE A MONTH.

Mr. Frederic Harrison opens the *Fortnightly* with 'Obiter Scripta' of varying value. To call Lord Morley's 'Recollections' an "encyclopaedic survey of State affairs, judgments, and books of our time" is absurd. In 'The Twilight of the Ritzonians' Dr. E. J. Dillon writes once more concerning our misfortunes in this war, mainly due to inadequate leadership. He says little of German mistakes and handicaps, and thinks the advantages to be derived from Russia's failure make "a complete victory through military operations . . . to say the least, unlikely." Mr. Archibald Hurd, Mr. Walter F. Ford, and Mr. Oswald Stoll all contribute articles concerned with finance and the cost of living. It will take, we fear, a good deal to stop what Dr. Dillon calls "squandering incompetence." The endless creation of committees is well brought out by Mr. Hurd. Mr. Lawrence Jerrold has a picturesque subject in 'Clemenceau,' who is credited with an occasional flippancy suggesting Voltaire or Quilp. Mr. Baumann has a neat and incisive paper on the question 'Was Disraeli a Democrat?' A master of the subject, he refers to some of Disraeli's writings, which have been unduly forgotten of late, such as the brilliant series of 'Runnymede Letters.' The importance of 'Sybil' as a pioneer book is better known, but it is not generally realised that it came several years before the novels of Dickens and Mrs. Gaskell concerning the conflict between the workers and the power of Capital. Mr. Baumann points out Disraeli's mistakes as a prophet as well as his successes. Who, indeed, could foresee the general break-up of the Constitution now being forced on the nation?

Sir William Watson opens the *Nineteenth Century* with 'Americans, Hail!' four pages of blank verse. We prefer him in rhyme, though he shows all his old mastery of phrase. 'In the Balance,' by Dr. Arthur Shadwell, states some of those German difficulties which Dr. Dillon ignores. Professor Spenser Wilkinson has an excellent article on 'The British Constitution and the War.' Beginning with the past, he takes us up to the present, and the conclusion that "Victory cannot be won by a Government of amateurs." Mrs. Humphry Ward appeals to the House of Lords to insist on a Referendum before a vast body of female voters is created. Sir Edward Sullivan deals in an interesting way with 'Shakespeare and Italy.' This side of the poet has been little touched by experts. It is quite likely that Shakespeare used Italian more than is generally believed. A piquant footnote to what Dr. William Barry says about the Papacy in 'Teuton against Roman' is supplied by Mr. W. M. Colles in 'The German Octopus.' Captain J. H. Morgan reviews Lord Morley's 'Recollections,' and Mr. William O'Brien adds some pungent commentary on the Irish part of them in 'Parnell and his Liberal Allies.' Mr. Walter Sichel

has an eloquent article on 'Jerusalem Delivered: a Commemoration and a Warning.'

The *Cornhill* has another of Mr. Boyd Cable's vivid stories of airmen, and two striking accounts of doctoring in war, 'An Arab Clinic,' by L. H., and 'When Kr Does Its Bit,' by a Royal Field Leech. Major-General Sir George Aston discusses 'Experts and the Conduct of the War,' a subject on which the exact facts would be interesting, and 'A Soldier's Wife' in 'From West and East in Africa' records some telling conversations concerning war, wild beasts, and imprisonment. Mr. Bennet Copplestone begins an account of the Battle of Jutland, and Sir Algernon West 'A Few More Recollections,' which are chiefly concerned with Finance Ministers and Gladstone. The story of the Scotch Judge is better told by Lord Cockburn, to whom it belongs. Lord Eskgrove was the Judge, and condemned a tailor to death for the murder of a soldier, adding:—"And not only did you murder him, whereby he was bereaved of his life, but you did thrust, or push, or pierce, or project, or propell, the le-thall weapon through the belly-band of his regimental breeches, which were his Majesty's!"

Reviewing 'Lord Morley's Memories,' Sir Henry Lucy speaks of his nervousness when he began to speak in Parliament, and his unusually intimate relations with Parnell. 'Rule Britannia,' by Mr. W. H. Adams, is quite an amusing story of an African slave.

Blackwood is excellent as usual, and covers a wide field. Batouri shows the various difficulties and dangers which attended the crossing of a river by our Indian forces in Africa, who had to face crocodiles, hippos, and German fire. 'With the Armoured Cars in Galicia' is a melancholy testimony to Russian cowardice in retreat. Mr. Anthony Penn gives a good idea of the work demanded by 'The Brain of the Guns.' Klaxon in 'On Patrol' and 'H.M.S. —' shows his versatility in verse and prose. We like particularly his story of 'A War Wedding.' Zeres has also a good story of sedition in a Sikh regiment. There are three accounts of mountain expeditions, the best of which is Mr. Candler's 'Mountains, Flowers, and War.' His learned companion on the slopes, if he reads the articles, may object to the attribution of "Video meliora proboque, etc.," to Horace.

LATEST PUBLICATIONS.

A Champion of the Faith: A Memoir of the Rev. Charles H. H. Weight. (Ed. by James Silvester.) Thynne. 4s. net.
A Duke of Norfolk Note Book. Burns and Oates. 2s. net.
Debrett's Peerage, 1918. Dean and Son. 45s. net.
Herself—Ireland (Mrs. T. P. O'Connor). Hutchinson. 10s. 6d. net.
Impending Climax in the History of the Church (D. M. Pantton and the Rev. E. L. Langston). Thynne. 9d. net.
Major William Redmond. Burns and Oates. 1s. 6d. net.
Post Office London Directory, 1918, with County Suburbs. Kelly. 45s.
The Education of Engineers (Herbert C. Taylor). Bell. 2s. net.
The Motor-Bus in War (A. M. Beatson). Fisher Unwin. 5s. net.
The Romance of Mary the Blessed (K. M. Cordeux). Robert Scott. 3s. 6d. net.

THE CITY.

In connection with the recent discussions as to the assistance given by the joint-stock banks to the legitimate industrial undertakings of this country, it is interesting to note the recent report of the Commercial Bank of London.

Since the control of this undertaking changed hands, it appears to have been doing well. It was reorganised in November, 1916, when Sir Charles Hobhouse became chairman, and Mr. Clarence C. Hatry and Mr. Peter Haig Thomas became active members of the directorate. The new capital arrangements made at the time of the reorganisation seem to be fully justified by the balance-sheet recently issued, which shows a really remarkable improvement on the state of affairs existing previously.

The report referred to is of special interest in view of the fact that the British Commercial Bank, formerly known as Reuter's Bank, has recently come under the

control of the same financial group, and the boards of the two banks are now practically identical. We believe it is proposed that the two banks should, in future, devote the energies of their personnel and their financial resources entirely to the development of home industries.

We believe we are right in saying that Mr. Arthur H. King, who has been manager of the Commercial Bank of London since its foundation, will in future also be actively associated with the management of the British Commercial Bank. Such undertakings are deserving of every encouragement, as it must be obvious that in future finance will tend to become more and more national, instead of international, as it was prior to the war.

The issue of 1,000,000 Preference Shares by the Anglo-Persian Oil Company, which was underwritten by Robert Fleming and Co., has been a complete success, we hear, and has been oversubscribed. It is rather amusing to read on the prospectus that the Treasury, while consenting to the issue, "does not take any responsibility for the financial soundness of any schemes or for the correctness of any statements made." This is the hand of the Fresh Issues Committee, and marked by its usual folly. The Government is the largest shareholder in the Anglo-Persian Oil Company, and has appointed two directors to the Board, Lord Inchcape and Admiral Slade. The Government is therefore directly and distinctly responsible for the financial soundness of the undertaking, and the correctness of the statements made to induce the public to subscribe. Probably the Fresh Issues Committee is unaware of the fact that the Government is the Anglo-Persian Oil Company, as its ignorance of all City matters is unfathomable.

When a big industrial company, in spite of serious difficulties over which its Board have no direct control, succeeds in paying a dividend of 25 per cent., there is no need to apologise. Nor was there anything apologetic in the statement of the Earl of Kintore, at the meeting of the Sulphide Corporation, of which he is chairman. He and the management over which he presides have reason to be proud of their achievements in the year 1916-17. The company is a large producer of base metals, and it was naturally affected by the reduction in the price of zinc, although silver had a good rise and lead was almost stationary during the year. More serious was the frequent interruption of work owing to labour unrest, operations being suspended by strikes at Broken Hill and by shortage of coal caused by the New South Wales dispute. The chief difficulty, however, was the shortage of tonnage, which prevented the sale of two-thirds of the production of zinc concentrates, and would have stopped entirely shipments of bullion but for the fact that the lead was required for munitions in this country, and the necessary shipping was therefore supplied.

These circumstances, combined with increased operating costs, resulted in a reduction of the dividend from 30 p.c. to 25 p.c.; but more could have been paid, and the directors may be congratulated on their policy of maintaining unassailable liquid resources having regard to the uncertainties which attend all overseas industries in time of war. The liquid assets of the corporation as shown in the balance sheet total £1,110,837, comparing with £1,131,907 a year previously, and if the excess of creditors over debtors be deducted, amounting to £403,662 (against £406,004), the surplus of liquid assets stands at the very gratifying figure of £707,173 as compared with £725,903 twelve months before. The decline shown is unimportant having regard to the fact that the company had the benefit of income from 59,000 tons of zinc concentrates in 1915-16, while the amount disposed of in the year under review was only 36,200 tons; so that the gross profit fell from £771,308 to £581,891.

But putting figures aside, one cannot help being impressed by the magnitude of this many-sided business, and the high technical efficiency and long-range enterprise necessary to the success attained. Experimental and constructional work has been carried out on a large scale for some time past, involving consider-



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able expenditure, which should become increasingly remunerative as time goes on. For example, the English zinc works at Seaton Carew are being duplicated so as to deal with 30,000 tons of concentrates; while at Cockle Creek, N.S.W., extensions are being made which will establish those works as an important centre of the chemical industry in Australia. These are only two instances among many recent and prospective developments in which technical skill and executive foresight are being applied to take advantage of the trade opportunities of the future.

It must be remembered that the great metallurgic industries of Australia have only recently been freed from the tentacles of the German metal trust, thanks largely to the determination of Mr. W. M. Hughes; but the energy of the Australian Prime Minister would have been wasted had not the leaders of the British industry shown themselves capable of taking advantage of the opportunities provided. It was not merely a question of turning the Germans out—a formidable task in itself—but of filling the gap in the smelting and marketing of ores. The tone of Lord Kintore's statement leaves no doubt as to the confidence that may be placed in a purely British Australian metal industry. Much has already been done under the impetus of the war's requirements, and much more will be done, particularly in connection with and by the Zinc Producers' Association, which will place the zinc industry on a more assured footing from a British standpoint both in Australia and England.

As far as is humanly possible to foresee, the current year should provide the Sulphide Corporation with a repetition of good profits and a comfortable dividend. This expectation is founded on arrangements made for the sale of the whole of the output of pig lead up to October next and of silver up to March, together with satisfactory terms for stocks of zinc concentrates. The Corporation, in common with other Colonial enterprises for which English capital is responsible, is still a sufferer under the iniquitous imposition of double income tax. In 1915-16 State, Federal, and Imperial taxation took £368,538 of the company's profits, this item being reduced to £163,285 for 1916-17 mainly owing to the decline in profits. Some relief in this respect has now been obtained by the energies of the association formed to grapple with the subject, so that the Imperial income tax is levied at the rate of 3s 6d. instead of 5s. in the £; but this concession is inadequate; and there is sound reason in Lord Kintore's argument that relief from English tax up to 3s. 6d. should be granted so long as the Australian tax reaches that amount. It is preposterous that shareholders should have to pay two war taxes.

THE ADVANCE OF THE MOTOR.

IT is well known that the Germans had foreseen the usefulness and utility of Motor Transport to a far greater extent than any other nation. Their rapid advance into, and through, Belgium was made possible by their far-seeing organisation in this direction, and proved that temporarily broken-up railways need not be an insuperable obstacle to lightning-like concentration and advance. It is only fair to state that our Government quickly realised the importance of mechanical Road Transport, and soon the whole vast motor industry of this country was organised and controlled, with the result that we have not only kept our own numerous armies in all theatres adequately supplied with Lorries, Ammunition Wagons, Caterpillars, Ambulances, Staff Cars, etc., etc., but have also been enabled to send large supplies to all our Allies (especially Russia).

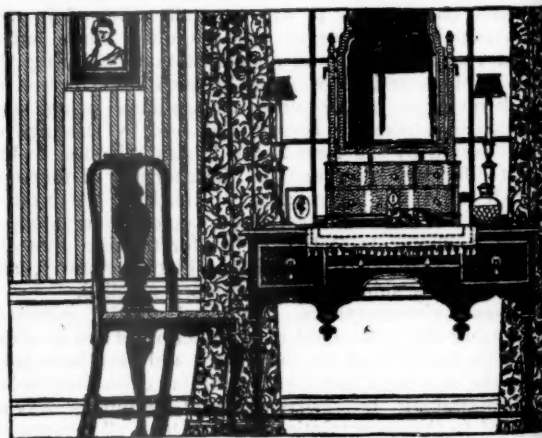
It is not merely in the matter of Road Vehicles that the trade has made such strides; it is an undoubted fact that our great Motor firms are turning out the finest aeroplane engines in the world in rapidly increasing quantities. The brains and experience of the leading engineers and designers of many of our largest firms have been devoted to this all-important national work, and the result is indeed worthy of Britain's Best. We only wish it were permissible to give a few meagre details of the new monster Engines.

The Germans will shortly have all the proof necessary of their efficacy. When peace dawns on us, a great commercial future will immediately open for aviation. What will be attempted and accomplished in this direction will assuredly out-do Jules Verne's wildest ideas of air traffic.

The International Combustion Engine has also advanced in many other directions—the Tanks are a notable case in point, and, more important from a home point of view, the Motor Tractor. Experiments, necessarily limited, have proved so successful in the matter of time, efficiency, and economy, that we may expect every farmer to adopt this method of ploughing in future, especially as the motive power can also be utilised for threshing and other farming operations.

In another line, an enormous impetus will be given to the Motor Industry, as is shown by the now proved success and usefulness of Motor Trolleys on rails. In the campaign in German East Africa they have done incomparable service. Fitted locally by units of our ubiquitous Field Force with flanged wheels, they have managed to upset all German calculations in the matter of our advance. Bridges blown up and temporarily repaired could not bear a locomotive, but Motor Lorries pulling weights up to 40 to 50 tons have safely crossed them, attained high speed, and climbed gradients with ease. Sufficient is not known over here of the skill and resourcefulness with which our Mechanical Transport have made use of the German Railways. There is no doubt that after the experience gained we shall soon see Motor (*i.e.* Internal Combustion) Engines drawing trains over here, both for passengers and light goods. The Government of Queensland have already adopted this method on many stretches of their line, and with immense success.

Space will not permit of our dealing with the Marine side of the motor. Some day we shall know what unique service our Petrol Patrol Boats are doing day and night, and we need not dwell on the possibilities of engines for fishing craft. Great as this comparatively young trade now is, it is nothing compared to what world-wide expansion will make it in the near future.



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